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Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 331.)

ROME, Dec. 20, 1830.

In my last letter I have spoken to you of the serious Roman life; but as I like in my letters to write how I live, I must tell this time of the gay life; for that has reigned this week. To-day is warmest sunshine, blue sky, clear air, and on such days I have my own way of life, am busy until eleven, and from then till twilight I do nothing, but breathe the air. Yesterday the weather was quite bright again for the first time for several days; so after working a piece of the morning upon *Solomon*, I went upon the *Monte Pincio* and walked up and down there all day long. It is an incredible impression which this air, this brightness makes; and when I got up to-day, and saw the clear sunshine again, I rejoiced at the do-nothing day that was to commence again. All the world goes hither and thither, and enjoys Spring in December. Every moment you meet acquaintances, loiter about with them, remain alone, and can dream well. The place swarms with the sweetest faces; as the sun advances, the whole landscape and all colors change; when the time comes for *Ave Maria*, we go to the church of *Trinità de' Monti*; there the French nuns sing, and it is wondrous lovely. Upon my soul, I grow quite tolerant, and listen with edification to bad music. But what is to be done? The composition is ridiculous; the organ playing still more stupid; but now it is twilight, and the little motley colored church is all full of kneeling men, who are shone upon by the setting sun whenever the door opens; the two singing nuns have the sweetest voices in the world, touchingly tender; and especially when one with her soft tone sings the *Responsorium*, which you are accustomed to hear so hoarse and stiff and monotonous from the priests, it gives you a strange feeling. One knows moreover, that he is not to see the singers;—so I have formed a singular resolution: I will compose something for their voices, which I have marked very closely, and will send it to them, for which several ways stand at my command. Then they will sing it, that I know; and that will be fine now, when I hear my piece sung by people whom I have never seen, and when they have to sing it before the *barbaro Tedesco*, whom they also do not know. I enjoy the thing very much; the text is Latin; a prayer to the Madonna. Does not the idea please you?*

After church we go to walk again upon the hill, until it is dark. For there Mme. Vernet and her daughter, also the pretty Mme. V., for whose acquaintance I am very grateful to Rose, play great parts among us Germans, as we stand in groups, or follow after them, or walk beside them. Pale painters, with

hideous beards, form the background; they smoke tobacco on the *Monte Pincio*, whistle to their dogs, and in their way enjoy the sunset. As I happen to be frivolous to-day, I must particularly inform you, my dear sisters, that I was lately at a great ball, and danced with such a relish as I never did before. I had said a good word to the *maitre de danse* (for here such a person must stand in the middle and order all), and so the man let the *Galop* last more than half an hour. There I was in my element, and very distinctly conscious that I was dancing in the *Palazzo Albani* in Rome, and, what is more, with the handsomest maidens in Rome, according to the opinion of competent judges (Thorwaldsen, Vernet and others). The way I made their acquaintance, is again a Roman story. I stood at *Torlonia's*, at the first ball, knowing not a single lady, and therefore not dancing, and looked at the people. Suddenly some one taps me on the shoulder: "And you too admire the beautiful English lady?" "I am altogether astonished."

That was the Herr Counsellor Thorwaldsen, who stood in the doorway, and could not satiate himself with looking. But scarcely had he said that, when a whirlwind of words rang out behind us: "*Mais ou est-elle donc, cette petite Anglaise? Ma femme m'a envoyé pour la regarder, per bacco*," and it was clear enough that the thin little Frenchman, with the gray, bristly hair, and the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, must be Horace Vernet. He went on to talk quite earnestly and learnedly with Thorwaldsen about this beauty, and I rejoiced in my soul at such a young maiden, as the two old masters stood there and were forced to admire, while she danced on entirely unconscious. Then they got themselves presented to the parents; so I fell back and could not talk with them. A couple of days afterwards I was at the house of my acquaintances from Venice, the Attwoods, who wanted to present me, as they said, to some of their friends; these were the friends, and so your son and brother was satisfied.

My piano playing gives me here especial pleasure. You know how Thorwaldsen loves music; sometimes I play to him in the morning, while he works. He has a right good instrument standing by him, and when I look at the old gentleman, and see how he kneads his brown clay, and smooths out an arm or a dress so finely,—in short when he creates that which we must all afterwards admire as finished and enduring, I feel very glad, that I can afford him a satisfaction. But with all this I get behindhand in my work. The "*Hebrides*" is at last finished, and has become a singular thing. I have the nun piece in my head; for Christmas I think to compose the Lutheran Choral, for this time I shall have to spend it all by myself. That is to be sure more serious, as well as the anniversary of the silver wedding, when I shall light many candles, sing over the vaudeville, and look at my English conductor's baton. After New Year I

will apply myself again to instrumental music; write several things for the piano, and perhaps another, or the other Symphony; for two haunt my head.

I have got acquainted with a glorious spot: the tomb of Cecilia Metella. The Sabine mountains had snow upon them,—it was heavenly sunshine,—the Alban range lay before one like an apparition in a dream. Distance there is not here in Italy; but all the houses on the mountains may be counted, with their windows and roofs. Thus have I sucked the air to satiety, and tomorrow the serious life will have to begin again for the sky is overcast, and it rains hard. But what a spring this will be!

The 21st.—The shortest day is dull, as was to be foreseen; to-day therefore I must think of fugues chorals, balls and the like. I will add however a few words about Guido's *Aurora*, which I visit very often, and which is a picture to run through the walls; for such a hurry, such a pressing forward till all rattles and rings again, has no man ever conceived. The painters maintain that it is lighted from two sides; for my part, they may light their pictures from three sides, if it will help them; but it lies elsewhere! Dear, Rebecca,—I can make no regular song here; who shall sing it to me? But I make a great Fugue: "*Wir glauben alle*," and sing it myself, until my captain, frightened, comes down stairs, looks in and asks, if I want anything. Then I answer: a countertheme. But what don't I want! And what have I not got! So life goes on.

FELIX.

Rome, Dec. 23, 1830.

Nothing can be more disagreeable and uncomfortable [than Rome in rainy weather. We have had now for several days continuously storm, and cold, and torrents from heaven, and I hardly comprehend how I could write a week ago a letter full of walks, orange-trees and everything beautiful; in such weather everything becomes hateful. Yet I must tell of it, else my former letter would have no counterpart, and that must never be left out. If in Germany we have no idea of winter days as clear ones, neither have we any of a wet winter day; everything is arranged for fine weather, and so we endure the bad, as a public scourge, and wait for a better time. There is no protection anywhere; in my chamber, which is otherwise one of the most comfortable, the water runs in richly through the windows, which will not come to; the stone floor is cold in spite of double carpets, and the smoke is driven from the chimney into the room, because the fire will not burn: the foreigners shiver and shrivel up with cold, like tailors. But this is golden in comparison to the streets, and I consider it a calamity, if I have to go out. Rome, you know, is built on seven great hills; but there is also a multitude of smaller ones, and all the streets run sloping; there the water streams against one violently; nowhere raised sidewalks, or *trottoirs*; down the steps of the *Piazza di*

* The piece afterwards appeared as Opus 39.

Spagna it pours, as from the great water works on the Wilhelmshöhe; the Tiber has risen and deluges the neighboring streets: that is the water from below. From above it comes in torrents of rain, but that is the least part of it. The houses have no roof gutters, but the prolonged roofs slope downwards, of different lengths however, and water the streets on both sides furiously, so that, go where you will, close to the houses, or in the middle, you are shower-bathed from a palace or a barber's shop; and before you know it, you stand under such a dripping, where the water rattles down on your umbrella, and you have a stream before you, not to be leaped over, and must retrace your way. That is the water from above. And then come the carriages driving close to the houses in the greatest speed, so that you must stand in the doorways until they get by; for they spatter men, houses, and each other; and if two meet, in a narrow street, so that one has to go into the gutter, swollen to a stream, the inconvenience is great. Lately I saw an Abbé in his haste pull a peasant's broad hat from his head with his umbrella, and the hat fell bottom upward under such a cataract; the peasant turned round the wrong way to seek it, and when he found it, it was already filled with water. *Scusi*, said the Abbé, — *Padrone*, answered the peasant. Moreover the fiacres only run till five, and so if one is in company it costs a scudo; *fiat justitia et pereat mundus*. Rome in rainy weather is incredibly cheerless.

By a letter from Devrient I see, that my letter to him, which I carried to the post office myself in Venice on the 17th of October, had not yet arrived on the 19th of November. Just so another letter, which I sent on the same day to Munich, had gone astray; both letters contained notes, and therein lies the reason. For in Venice, at that time they took all my manuscripts away from me at the custom house, when they examined my things in the night just before the departure of the post, and I have only just now, after much annoyance, and writing back and forth, got them all back again. I have been assured here generally, the reason was, because they suspected a secret cypher correspondence in the notes. I could not believe such a miserable stupidity; but since precisely these two letters from Venice with music have not reached their destination, and only these, it is clear enough. I shall enter a complaint about it here at the Austrian embassy; but it will not help me, and the letters, for which I am very sorry, are lost. And so farewell.

FELIX.

Rome, Jan. 17, 1831.

We have had for a week past the mildest and most glorious spring weather; the young girls carry bouquets of violets and anemones, which they have picked themselves in the morning in the villa Pamfili; the streets and the square swarm with promenaders in motley dresses; the *Ave Maria* comes already 20 minutes later,—but what has become of the winter? This has reminded me again in these last days of work, to which I mean now to apply myself earnestly, since actually the merry social life of the past weeks has somewhat torn me away. For although I am already nearly done with the arrangement of "Solomon," and with my Christmas-song, which consists of five numbers, I have still before me the two Symphonies, which shape themselves to

me more and more livingly, and which I should be too glad to finish here. I hope too, in the Fast time, when the parties cease (I mean the balls particularly), and when the spring begins, to have time and inclination enough, and then there will be again a considerable stock of new things on hand.

A public performance is not to be thought of here. The orchestras are worse than one could believe; there is a want of real musicians, and of the true feeling. The handful of fiddlers go at it each in his own way; each comes in differently; the wind instruments are tuned too high, or too low; their middle parts make ornaments, such as we hear in the streets, and hardly as good; the whole forms a regular cat music,—and such compositions as they know! The question is then, whether one will and can reform that altogether, bring other people into the orchestra, teach the musicians how to keep time, form them beforehand; and then there is no doubt that the people would themselves find satisfaction in it. But so long as that is not done, it grows no better, and they are all so difficult, that there is no prospect of improvement. I have heard a flute solo, where the flute stood more than a quarter of a tone too high; it gave me the toothache; but nobody remarked it, and when a trill came at the end, they applauded mechanically. And if it were only better as it regards singing! The great singers have left the land; Lablache, David, the Lalande, Pisaroni, &c., sing in Paris, and now the little ones copy their high moments, and make an intolerable caricature of it. We may will to carry through something that is false, or impossible—it still remains another thing, and as a *cicisbeo* will be to me to all eternity something low and vulgar, so will also the Italian music. I may be too dull to understand either of them; but that is not my affair, and when lately in the *Filarmonica*, after all the Pacini and Bellini, the chevalier Ricci asked me to accompany him in *Non piu andrai*, and when the first notes began, and were so essentially different and removed so heaven-wide from all the rest, then the thing was clear to me, and they never will be reconciled so long as there is such blue sky, such lovely winter here as this. Just so the Swiss can paint no beautiful landscapes for the very reason that they have them all day long before their eyes. "*Les Allemands traitent la musique comme une affaire d'état*," says Spontini, and I accept the omen. The other day several musicians here were talking about their composers, and I listened in silence. One of them cited Sig. * * *, but the others took it up and said, that he was not to be reckoned as an Italian, since the German school still clove to him, and he never had been fairly able to shake it off; consequently he never had been at home in Italy. We Germans now say the reverse of him, and it must be disagreeable to find oneself *so entre deux* without a country. As for me, I stand by my flag; that is honorable enough.

The evening before last a theatre, undertaken and managed by Torlonia, was opened with a new opera by Pacini. The crowd was great; in every box the handsomest and best dressed people; the young Torlonia appeared in the proscenium box, and was, with his old duchess mother, much applauded. They cried: *Bravo Torlonia, grazie, grazie!* Opposite him Jerome

with his court-state, and many orders; in the adjoining box a countess Samoilow, &c. Over the orchestra is a figure of Time, pointing with his finger at a dial, which moves slowly forward, and might make one melancholy. And now Pacini appeared at the piano and was received. He had not made an overture; the opera began with a chorus, to which a tuned anvil was struck in time. The Corsair appeared, sang his aria, and was applauded, whereat the corsair above, and the maestro below, bowed. (The sea-robber sings contralto and is named Madame Mariani). Then followed many pieces, and the thing grew tedious. The public also found it so, and when Pacini's great finale began, the parterre stood up, began to talk aloud together, and to laugh, and turned their backs round to the stage. Mme. Samoilow fainted in her box, and had to be carried out. Pacini vanished from the piano and the curtain fell at the end of the act amid much tumult.

Now came the grand ballet "*barba bleu*," and then the last act of the opera. Once in the humor of it, they whistled the whole ballet through, and accompanied the second act of the opera also with hisses and laughter. At the conclusion Torlonia was called, but did not come. That is the plain prose of a first representation and theatre opening in Rome. I had imagined it who knows how lively, and I came off out of tune. If the music had made a *furor*, it would have vexed me, for it is below all criticism wretched. But that they should all at once turn their backs upon their darling Pacini, whom they wanted to crown upon the Capitol, that they should ape his melodies and sing then in caricature, that vexes me again, and it proves to me how low such a musician stands in the general opinion. Another time they will bear him home upon their shoulders,—that is no compensation. They would not do so in France with Boieldieu,—to say nothing of their artistic feeling, merely from the sense of decency. But enough of this; it is disagreeable. Why should Italy to-day be also by force a land of Art, while it is the land of Nature, and thereby gladdens all!

I have described to you the promenades upon the *Monte Pincio*. They still continue daily. Lately I was with Bollards on the *Ponte Nomentano*. That is a lonesome, fallen bridge in the wide-lined, green Campagna. Many ruins from the Roman times, many watch-towers of the middle ages stand around there on the long rows of meadow. On the horizon all the mountains lift themselves, now covered partially with shining snow, fantastically changed in form and color by the shadows of the celestial airy apparition of the Alban hills, which transforms itself like a chameleon while you look at it,—where for miles wide you see the little white chapels gleaming on the dark mountain background, clear to the cloister of the Passionists upon the summit; and where one can follow with his eye, how there the road winds through the bushes, there the mountain falls off to the Alban lake, there a hermit's dwelling peeps out from the trees;—it is as far as Potsdam from Berlin, say I as a good Berliner; but it is like a very lovely dream picture, say I seriously. There lurks the music; there it sounds and rings on all sides, not in the empty, senseless playhouses. And so we went back and forth, and chased one another over the Campagna, and clambered over the hedges; and after

sunset we drove home; then one feels as much fatigued, as much contented with himself and well, as if he had done a great deal. And so he has, if he has truly felt it! I have taken strongly to drawing again, and am beginning even to paint with water colors, because I should like to be able to recall a few plays of color; and one sees better too, the more that he has practised.

I must tell you, dear mother, a great, very great pleasure, which I lately had, because, you will enjoy it with me. I was day before yesterday for the first time in a little party at Horace Vernet's, and had to play there. Now he had told me beforehand how *Don Juan* was his only, real favorite music, especially the *duello* and the *Commendatore* at the end; and as that really pleased me in him, I set out to prelude to the *concert-stück* of Weber, and fell imperceptibly more deeply into improvising,—thought I should give him a pleasure, if I should come upon these themes, and work them wildly through a while. It delighted him to a degree that I have seldom seen any one delighted by my music, and we were at once well acquainted with each other. Afterwards he came suddenly and whispered into my ear, that we must make an exchange,—that he too could improvise. And when I naturally was very curious, he intimated that that was a mystery. But he is like a little child, and could not contain himself a quarter of an hour. Then he came again, and took me into the other chamber, and asked, if I had time to lose: he had a canvas all stretched and prepared, and wanted to paint my portrait on it, which I should keep as a remembrance of to-day, and roll it up and send to you, or take it with me, as I chose. To be sure, he had got to collect himself for his improvisation, but he would make it at once. I eagerly said yes, and I cannot describe to you what a satisfaction it gave me, that he had really had so much interest and pleasure in my playing. It was decidedly a satisfactory evening. When I came up the hill, all was so tranquil, still, and in the great dark villa* only one window clearly lighted; and then music sounded down to me in single chords, and the sound was really too sweet there in the dark night, by the fountain. In the ante-chamber too young Academicians were practising; a third acted as lieutenant and commanded ably. In the other room my friend Montfort, who had won the musical prize in the Conservatorium, sat at the piano, and the others stood around and sang a chorus. But it went very bad. They asked one person, and when he said, he could not sing, the other said: "*Qu'est ce que ça fait, c'est toujours une voix de plus.*" I helped too according to my powers, and so we amused ourselves quite well. Later there was dancing, and then you should have seen for once how Louise Vernet danced the Saltarella with her father. When she had to stop a moment, and instantly took the great tambourine, and beat away upon it, and set us who could no longer touch hands, free, I should have liked to be a painter,—that would have been a splendid picture! Her mother is the friendliest lady in the world; and the grandfather, Charles Vernet, (who paints the fine horses) danced that evening a contra-dance with so much agility, cut so many capers, and varied his steps so well, that it was only a pity he was 72 years old. He rides two

* Vernet lived in the villa Medici.

horses tired every day, then paints and draws a little, and in the evening he must be in company!

Next time I must tell you of my acquaintance with Robert, who has just finished a splendid painting, "The Harvest," and I must describe the call I lately made with Bunsen on Cornelius, Koch, Overbeck, &c., in their ateliers. Both hands are full of what to do, and what to see; unfortunately time will not be elastic, however much I try to stretch it. And I have not yet said anything of Raphael's child portrait, and of Titian's bathing ladies, which here pass piquantly enough for "Heavenly and earthly Love," because one is already dressed and in full gala, and the other undressed; * and of my heavenly *Madonna di Foligno*; and of Mr. Francesco Francia, who was the most innocent and pious painter in the world; and of poor Guido Reni, whom the present beard-painters overlook so, and who has painted a certain *Aurora*; and nothing of so many other splendid things. But what need of its being always described! Well for me, that I can find inspiration in it. When I see you again, I shall perhaps be able to impart it to you too.

Your

FELIX.

* The picture in the Borghese gallery.

(To be continued.)

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of DR. HEINRICH VON KREISLE.

(Continued from page 332.)

Schubert also tried his hand occasionally as poet, and composed the words to several of his songs. His verses, while they betray want of practice, give evidence of the poetic gift and of that peculiar tone of feeling which his associates have frequently remarked in him. * * * *

The year 1826 had arrived, and Schubert had scarcely three years more to live. His activity seemed to grow more intense, as if he had a presentiment of his approaching end. He went on restlessly creating, making incursions into all forms of musical art, now busied with the composition of songs, and then again with choruses, masses, chamber-music, symphonies, &c.

Besides a series of distinguished songs, which date from this last period of his life, he composed also at this time his most valuable instrumental pieces, such as the great Symphony in C, his most important orchestral work, which was finished in March 1828, a few months before his death.

In June 1826 we find him again in Zeléz, where he composed the Sonata in C. Besides this he wrote in this and the following year: A German Mass for male chorus with organ accompaniment; the Battle Song of Klopstock for eight men's voices, and the splendid chorus "*Nachthelle*," also for men's voices with piano accompaniment. Of songs may be mentioned: "To Sylvia," "Fishermen's melodies," "Song of Hippolytus," "Grave-digger's melody," "Serenade" (by Schikh), "The Wanderer to the Moon," "In the Open Air," "*Züggelöcken*," "At Midnight," "The romance of Richard the lion-hearted," "*Über Wildemann*," "*Lebensmuth*," "In the Spring," "At the window," "*Sehnsucht*" (by Seidl), and the first part of the "*Winterreise*" (winter journey).

To the year 1827 belong, besides many other, the following compositions:

An Allegretto for piano-forte, in remembrance of Herr Walcher (April 26), and the *Impromptu* for piano, Nos. 3 to 8. Of songs: "Sailor's parting song," "The Crusade," "The foot-soldier of Wal-

enstein;" "*Fischers Liebesglück*;" "The father with the child;" the three Italian songs dedicated to Lablache, the singer; "Anna Lyle" from Walter Scott's "Montrose;" "The Stars;" "The song in the green;" "Hunter's Love Song;" the "Serenade" (by Grillparzer), for Alto solo, with vocal accompaniment, of which we shall speak hereafter; and finally the second part of the "*Winterreise*," which he completed before the song "The Crow" in October 1827. The composition of this last named cycle of 24 songs, of altogether melancholy character, seems to have made a deeper impression upon Schubert than one could wish. Persons, who stood near to him at that time, relate that he, having been for some time given over to a gloomy mood, said one day to his friends: "You will soon learn the reason of my melancholy nature; I will sing you at Schöber's songs to make you shudder; they have affected me too very deeply." Soon afterwards the friends heard those songs, in which Schubert found great pleasure, but which, although thoroughly Schubertish, sounded so strangely to the listeners, that they seemed at first more puzzled than delighted by them. But their great value came to light, when Vogl had made himself fully master of them; the "*Winterreise*" found in him as unsurpassable a singer, as the "*Müllerbieder*" had in Schönstein. Whether, as many have maintained, the composition of the "*Winterreise*" had a serious influence upon Schubert's health, may remain undecided; it is probable and natural, that he was predisposed to the composition of that work, inasmuch as outward and inward circumstances, including the failure of so many hopes, had already operated to put him out of tune, and he felt the impulse in himself to give musical expression in the most touching manner to the dark view of the world, which had suddenly taken possession of him.

In the year 1826 he had applied for the place of vice-chapelmaster to the Court, which would have given him a sure subsistence and an appropriate sphere of labor, without claiming too much of his powers. But the Court theatre director Weigl got it. When Schubert heard of it, he said: "I should have been glad of the place; but since it has been given to so worthy a man as Weigl, I must be contented."

In the same year he received from the committee of the Society of Friends of Music in Vienna the following letter of thanks, with an enclosure of 100 florins:

"You have given to the Society of Friends of Music of the Austrian Empire repeated proofs of your sympathy, and you have exerted your distinguished talent as a composer for the benefit of the same, and especially for that of the Conservatorium.

"While the Society knows how to appreciate your decided and distinguished worth as a composer, it wishes to give you a suitable proof of its gratitude and respect, and begs you to accept the enclosed not as an honorarium, but as a proof that the Society feels under obligations to you, and gratefully acknowledges the interest you have shown in it.

"From the committee of direction of the &c., &c.
Vienna, Oct. 12, 1826.

KIESEWETTER, m^l p."

We come now to the year 1828, the thirty-second year of Schubert's life, and also the year of his death. He had never yet given a concert for himself. At suggestions from many quarters, and because the publishers, owing to the voluminous increase of his songs within a short time, were rather backward with their orders, he consented finally to arrange a private concert in the hall of the Austrian Musical Union. It took place on the 26th of March, 1828, and only compositions by Schubert were performed. The programme was as follows; 1.) 1st movement of a new Quartet, played by Herren Böhm, Holz, Weiss and Linke; 2. a) "The Crusade," by Leitner; b) "The Stars," by the same; c) "The Wanderer to the Moon," by Seidl; d) Fragment from *Æschylus*; all songs with piano accompaniment, sung by Herr Vogl, imperial royal pensioned court-opera singer; 3. Serenade, by Grillparzer, soprano solo and chorus,

sung by Mlle. Josephine Fröhlich and the female pupils of the Conservatorium; 4. New Trio for piano, violin and violoncello; 5. "On the stream," Rellstab, song with horn and piano accompaniment; 6. "Die Allmacht," by Ladislav Pytker, sung by Vogl; 7. Battle Song, by Klopstock, double chorus for men's voices. The hall was full to overflowing, and the success so brilliant, that a repetition was intended. But it was otherwise decreed in higher counsels. This concert was destined to be both his first and his last, and the two following Schubert concerts had only for their end, to cover the expenses for his tombstone.

Even in this year his productivity was astonishing. As already mentioned, he completed in March, 1823, his greatest orchestral work, the Symphony in C, and labored incessantly upon a grand Mass in E♭, one of his best church compositions. He composed moreover a Quintet (op. 163) for two violins, viola and two 'cellos; three grand piano-forte Sonatas, which he wished to dedicate to Hummel, but which were afterwards inscribed by the publishers to Robert Schumann, the enthusiastic admirer of Schubert's muse; also the grand Duo in A minor (op. 140), dedicated by the publishers to Clara Wieck; a piano Sonata for four hands; a four-hand Fugue; a *Tantum ergo*, and a church aria for tenor solo with chorus; the Hymn to the Holy Spirit for 8 men's voices with brass accompaniment *ad libitum*; and for songs: "At the Stream," by Rellstab, with 'cello accompaniment; "The Shepherd on the rocks," with piano and *obbligato* clarinet or 'cello accompaniment; finally "Miriam's Song of Victory," by Grillparzer, for solo and chorus, one of his grandest compositions; "Lebensstürme," for piano, 4 hands, (composed in May); and the 14 songs, issued by the publishers under the name of "Swan-Song," including his last song: "Die Taubenpost" (the carrier pigeon), composed in October 1828, a few weeks before his death.

(To be continued.)

Weber and the Harmonichord.

We learn from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* that Peters & Co., the well-known publishers at Leipzig and Berlin, have just given out a work highly interesting both on account of its author and of the instrument for which it was written. Its title is subjoined:

"*Adagio and Rondo for the Harmonichord* (or Harmonium), with *Orchestral Accompaniment*, etc., by C. M. VON WEBER. A Posthumous Work."

"Weber composed this most charming concertino at Munich, on the 31st May, 1811"—as we are informed by a notice prefixed to the score—"for Friedrich Kaufmann," whom he met, probably, on one of his professional tours, at the before-named city. The work consists of an *adagio molto* in F, two-four (nine pages), and an *allegretto* also in F, six eight, "two very attractive movements, with graceful melodies, and some genuine Weber-effects." The orchestra comprises the string quartet, two flutes, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, trumpets and kettle-drums.

But what—it may be asked—is the Harmonichord? An instrument with a keyboard, resembling in form an upright grand piano. The strings, however, are made to sound, not by means of hammers, but by the action of a cylinder, covered with leather and worked up with colophony. It was invented by the celebrated mechanician and professor of acoustics, Friedrich Kaufmann,* born at Dresden in 1785, and first submitted by him to the public, together with other acoustic and mechanical contrivances, in the years 1811 and 1812. It was for him that the concertino just exhumed was written. In writing this work, he kept in view the peculiar character of the instrument, and succeeded in making its tones agree and contrast with the instruments of the orchestra (except the clarinets, which are similar). Our present harmonium, which has been greatly improved in construction, and which sprang from the physharmonica, or aeoline, as it is also termed, differs, it is true, from the original harmonichord, although as well adapted as the former, by its sound

* Whose father, Johann Gottfried Kaufmann (born in 1752, at a village near Chemnitz, died in 1818, at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine), was the founder of this family, so distinguished for mechanical talent.

and power of sustaining the notes, for the performance of the concertino.

After the death of his father, in 1818, Friedrich Kaufmann received an offer from the Grand Duke of Darmstadt of the post of harmonichord player in the latter's orchestra. He declined the honor, nevertheless, because the King of Saxony had promised him a yearly salary for life, on condition of his returning to Dresden. Happy in his domestic relations, he lived in that pleasant capital nearly twenty years, improving himself in his art. In 1839 he completed a new grand self-acting instrument, which he designated a symphonion, and which combined a pianoforte, clarinets, a piccolo, "Schallstäbe," and kettle-drum. Speaking of this, Professor Schaffhütl, of Munich, said:

"The effect is really enchanting—as varied as it is brilliant. Even the touch of the piano is so fresh and full that, involuntarily, we look for the performer and the hands, which, at one moment, energetically sweep the strings, while, at the next, accompanying tenderly and softly, they conjure up the bright and mellow sounds of clarinet or flute."

Accompanied by his son, Friedrich Theodor Kaufmann, born at Dresden in 1823, and whose particular talent found in this branch of art an advantageous field for display, Friedrich Kaufmann, taking with him a Symphonion, a Chordaulodion, a Harmonichord, and an Automaton Trumpeter, set out upon a lengthened professional tour through Germany, Russia, Sweden and Denmark. In St. Petersburg, more especially, the two artists met with a warm reception. Unfortunately, on the return sea voyage from Copenhagen, in 1843, their instruments, the fruit of the exertions and labor of years, were lost. After their return to Dresden, Kaufmann and his son set about building new instruments in the place of those which had been lost. While doing so they not only applied all their former inventions, but introduced new contrivances and ameliorations, and turned out a materially-improved Harmonichord, Chordaulodion, Symphonion, and Belloneon, while even the place of the Automaton Trumpeter was filled up. When all this work was finished, the younger artist set about constructing a complete self-playing, orchestra-like instrument, of his own conception. After five years' unwearied exertions, he finished it in 1851. It comprised in itself clarinets, flutes, flageolets, horns, cornets, trumpets, tuba, kettle-drums, drums, triangles and cymbals. It was called an Orchestrion, and among other entertaining monstrosities was exhibited in London and elsewhere during the year of the Great Exhibition (1851). On their return, father and son established a permanent depot for their inventions, under the title of "The Acoustic Cabinet," with which they have combined a manufactory of musical instruments.

ROSSINI'S "TITANS."—"Bearing in mind," writes a correspondent of the *London Athenæum*, "that you desired me to write to you about Signor Rossini's 'Chant des Titans,' I seize the five minutes that remain between the conclusion of the performance and the departure of the post, to tell you my impression—shared, I believe, by the party of artists with whom I was—which is one of disappointment. The effect was not great. The four basses were quite insufficient to give the only effect of which the piece is susceptible—that of imposing sonority. *Motif suivi* there is none. It is a large rugged strain of rather uncouth defiance, and in the Crystal Palace, with fifty or a hundred bass voices, and a proportionate orchestra, would, no doubt, be imposing; but in the *Salle du Conservatoire*, sung by four voices, it was like a colossal statue in a greenhouse. Of course, the hand of the master is perceptible, and there are reminiscences of the second finale of 'Guillaume Tell' and of the 'Inflammatus' of the 'Stabat Mater'; but it can add nothing to the reputation of the author, and I believe few will in their hearts think it quite worthy of him. I am sorry he has broken his long silence by such a composition. It is as though a great orator, for whom all ears were open, rose up and said, 'Good night, ladies and gentlemen.' Of course the piece was well received and *encored*—but believe me, it was not effective."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Chimes.

A full chime of bells is almost a new thing in this country. Our ideas of the pleasure which it may afford are gathered from foreign lands and from books; but, in our reading community, there are few who have not associations and impressions which are as a sort of halo around "the chimes." They

unquestionably have some connection with "aspire;" and this is perhaps the reason why they are so universally associated in men's minds with holy uses. Prose has vied with poetry to invest their tones with sentiments of reverence.

The striking by machinery of the quarter hours on two or three bells is, to our notion of "chimes," as the side of a white painted house is to a picture. Memory, association and imagination combine to give effect to "those evening bells" which, coming from one or many spires in a calm summer evening, seem to waft down to earth peace to and among all men. The cares and pressures of the day are for the while forgotten, and the listener finds himself in a state of quiet receptivity, which is easily exchanged for one of reflection and aspiration. The broad sunlight does not seem to be in harmony with the music of chimes. They are out of place in the thronged marts where haste and care have impressed themselves upon every one. Their charm will work only in willing ears. Their music would be as effectual at the head of a column of troops as would be a mother's lullaby, and yet it might start a tear in the eye of a soldier, in which one had not before glistened since he parted from his mother. Chimes will not work "in season and out of season." Some occasion must give them efficacy. Let the simple notes of "Watchman, tell us of the night" reach the ear from the distant spire on Christmas eve, and there is an almost irresistible impulse to stop and raise your hat if you are in the street, or to think a prayer if you are at your fireside.

These remarks have been induced by the (mis?) management of the excellent new chime in the Arlington Street Church. When the birthday of our nationality comes, "Hail Columbia" may well rise, when the sun rises, from every spire and every hamlet in the land; but "Yankee Doodle" would not be as well! A joyous peal may announce the wedding taking place in the church below, and solemn tones may increase the impressiveness of a funeral ceremony, but chimes must be "in season." Never let "Rosa Lee" be heard from the spire of a church! Appropriateness is a requisite in all music, but in that of the chimes it is an absolute essential. Imagine the effect on a still Sunday evening of Beethoven's "Now night in silent grandeur reigns," or Haydn's "Softly the shades of evening fall,"* coming trembling into your chamber. Would not a holy quiet drive earthly cares away? Calm and solemn should be the music of the chimes, stealing into men's hearts and persuading them, not driving them as a trumpet might. Let every occasion be availed of, but let none be created. Let children be reminded, as they go to sleep on Saturday night, that the next day will be the Sabbath, by some simple air, which, when heard in after years, will recall hours of innocence and peace. Don't let the chimes usurp the place of the "church-going bell," but let them on Sunday set our souls at peace. "*Ne auctor ultra crepidam*." Let chimes act well their part, and not attempt to take the place of organ, trumpet or hurdy-gurdy.

* The writer seems to allude to certain psalm-tunes in some of our old collections, which are mere adaptations, made (if we mistake not) by Gardiner, of England, from passages in some of the string Quartets, or other instrumental works, of the masters referred to. At all events, it is very certain that neither Haydn nor Beethoven ever wrote a psalm-tune.—Bp.

MODERN MUSIC.—The *London Athenæum* thus notices a new work by one of the most earnest and enthusiastic laborers in the cause of popular musical education in England:

The History of Modern Music. A Course of Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By John Hullah. (Parker, Son & Bourn.) These Lectures are far above average merit, having been combined by one who possesses general cultivation as well as sufficient musical science. Thus they escape from that aridity and tameness which too often

Chopin's Mazurkas.

25

Tempo lo.

f *Cres.*

Con forza. *Dim.* *p* *Rubato.*

No. 9.
Op. 7. No. 4.

Presto ma non troppo. (♩. = 63.)

f *fz* *p*

Legato. *Ped.* *Ped. pp* *Ped.*

f *fz* *p*

Scherz. *Ped.*

Chopin's Mazurkas.

p *Cres.*

f *fz* *p* *f*

fz *p* *Dolciss.*

staccato. *Molto rallen.* *pp* *Setto voce.* *Ped.* *

p *Riten.* *Sempre legato.* *A Tempo.* *Smorz.* *f* *fz* *p* *Ped.* *

f *fz* *f* *Fine.*

THIRD SET.

27

(M. M. ♩ = 160.)

No. 10.
Op. 17. No. 1.
Vivo e
Risoluto.

The musical score is written for piano and bass. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat major). The time signature is 3/4. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Vivo e Risoluto'. The score is divided into seven systems. The first system includes a forte (f) dynamic and a fortissimo (fz) dynamic. The second system includes a fortissimo (fz) dynamic and a fortissimo (fz) dynamic. The third system includes a fortissimo (fz) dynamic and a fortissimo (fz) dynamic. The fourth system includes a fortissimo (fz) dynamic and a fortissimo (fz) dynamic. The fifth system includes a fortissimo (fz) dynamic and a fortissimo (fz) dynamic. The sixth system includes a fortissimo (fz) dynamic and a fortissimo (fz) dynamic. The seventh system includes a fortissimo (fz) dynamic and a fortissimo (fz) dynamic. The piece concludes with a 'Fine.' marking.

Chopin's Mazurkas.

p *Dolce.* *Dim.* *D.C.*

Lento ma non troppo. ($\text{♩} = 144$.)

No. 11.
Op. 17. No. 2.

f *fz* *f* *Leggiero.*

impair the interest of discourses on like subjects. The field is a wide one, too wide, perhaps, to admit of more than outline work; hence, especially, in proportion as modern times are approached, omissions are to be noted, such, for instance, as the forgetfulness of the merits of Weber, whose "Der Freischütz" marked a period in the history of German opera, with as deep a point as ever was made by any new work in the world of music. There is some want of precision, too, in Mr. Hullah's appreciation of Handel, Bach, Gluck and Beethoven; arising, it appears, from incomplete acquaintance with their works, especially of the second and third named writers. The old Cantor of Leipzig is less soulless and adust than he is here represented. The great poet of "Armida," "Alceste" and "Orphée" had more science than he is here credited with, witness his admirable writing for the voice and the many points in his instrumentation, which Mozart had obviously studied closely. But it is easier to admire without limit, as Mr. Hullah admires Mozart, than than to touch with an acute and discriminating finger on the special higher excellencies of an artist less universally perfect. More, too, should have been made of Beethoven, whose Mass in C is, we think, undervalued; and with many of whose latest works the lecturer professes himself unfamiliar. But, laying together omissions and commissions, we find no reason to qualify the good opinion expressed of this work, as one containing much information, neatly arranged, and if not marked by any original thoughts or passages of riveting eloquence, meritoriously clear of commonplace.

Dr. Heinrich Marschner.

(From the Athenæum, Dec. 28)

Dr. Marschner's death leaves a vacancy in the ranks of worthy second-rate German artists. He was born at Zittau, in 1790, during the great period of music; and early showed remarkable dispositions. Family circumstances did not admit of his receiving a very genial or complete education; but he soon distinguished himself as a pianoforte-player, and as the owner of a lovely boy's soprano voice;—he began to write in every form of composition ere he had mastered the rules of writing. About 1816, he had gathered skill enough to produce a small opera, "Der Kiffhäuser Berg," which opened the theatres to him; and from that time forth, was heard of in Germany as one pouring out musical dramas without stint, the fame of some among which (such as "Der Vampyr" and "Der Templar") led to his installation at Hanover as Chapel-master in the year 1830. A third opera, "Hans Heiling," produced a year or two later, bade fair to continue its writer's successes, but from that time forward Marschner's name may be said to have begun to perish; nor—left at a considerable interval behind Spohr—is there anything in the voluminous mass of his music which will keep it alive. There is no "style" in his operas or his pianoforte music. "Der Vampyr" was a second-hand emulation of Weber's fantastic manner, but Weber's melody (so justly called "flattering" by Mendelssohn) was wanting to it.—Though Marschner is said to have tried hard to mould his fancies so as to make them vocal,—and, in particular, to have studied Signor Rossini's music with this view,—there hardly exists any opera music more crabbled than his, the impurity in his part-writing for voices making remembrance so difficult as to be next to impossible. The first *finale* to his "Falkner's Braut" is a miracle of difficulty hardly to be mastered save by machines. Life went on with him something drowsily as regarded his acceptance in German favor—and of late days he made attempts in London and Paris to ascertain if no chance was to be found in those livelier capitals for some recognition of his efforts. It may be feared that these ended merely in disappointment, and that the busy life of a diligent worker did not produce to him that result of satisfaction which ought (did one not know the lot to be unequal) to attend all honest labor.

(From Moore's Encyclopedia.)

Marschner, Heinrich, a dramatic composer, was born at Zittau, on the 16th of August, 1795. In his earliest youth he displayed remarkable musical talents, so that he soon exhausted the learning of the teachers to whom he was committed. He subsequently entered the choir of the children of the Gymnasium, then under the direction of the celebrated Schneider, where he attracted the attention of the organist of Bautzen, who offered him a situation in the choir of his church; but Bergt (the canton at Bautzen,) teaching him only Greek and Latin, instead of harmony, Marschner abruptly returned to Zittau, and devoted himself to developing, without assistance, the taste for musical composition which had tormen-

ted him from early childhood; here, in his leisure hours, he wrote every thing that came into his head—songs, motets, piano music; he attacked every thing, instructing himself only by his own mistakes. At this time he wrote a ballet, "La Fièvre Paysanne." He afterwards found the opportunity of going to Prague, where Weber directed the opera at that time, (1812). His condition as a Saxon subject compelled him, at the expiration of the armistice, to leave Prague, and he departed to Leipsic, placing himself under Schicht, to whose instructions he was much indebted. He also here became acquainted with Beethoven, Kozeluch, and Klein of Presburg. In 1812 he returned to Saxony, and choose Dresden as his residence, and here composed many of his operas, which gained him a high reputation; and here he became, in company with Weber and Morlacchi, director of the Dresden opera.

In 1826 he married Mlle. Marianne Wohlbruck, a well-known singer, and in the same year, on the death of Weber, being unable to succeed him as first director of the opera at Dresden, he sent in his resignation and removed to Berlin, where Madame Marschner had most brilliant success on the stage. In 1827 they removed to Leipsic, where, in the next year, "Le Vampyr," the most celebrated of his works, was produced; and in 1829 he produced "Le Templier et la Juive;" in 1830, "La Fiancée du Fauconnier." In this year Marschner was called to Hanover as maître de chapelle to the king; and here he wrote, "Le Château au Pied du Mont Etua," and subsequently, in 1832, "Hans Heiling."

Fétis says of this composer, that "he cannot be denied the merit of being one of the successors of Weber who have shown the highest dramatic sentiment in his works. He succeeded not alone in serious drama, and is one of the very small number of German composers who, in attempting the comic, do not fall into the trivial. His melodies are expressive, but his manner of writing is negligent, and he often abuses the use of transitions. Still the author of the 'Vampyr,' the 'Templier,' and of 'Hans Heiling,' will leave no common name in the history of art."

His published works are, 1st. "Der Holschich," 2d. The overture and entr'actes to the drama "Le Prince de Hombourg." 3d. Overture and airs to the drama, "La belle Ella." 4th. "Le Vampyr." 5th. "Le Templier et la Juive." 6th. "Das Braut der Falkner." 7th. "Hans Heiling." 8th. "Ten Collections of Songs for four male voices." 9th. "Twenty Collections of Songs, Romances, and German and Italian Airs for a high voice with piano accompaniment." 10th. "Quatuor for piano, violin, viola, and bass," Op. 36, Leipsic. 11th. "Trios for P. V. and Cello, besides a great number of Sonatas, Rondeaux, Fantasies," &c., &c.

Dr. Arne's Music to "Comus."

Mr. Hogarth, in his interesting *Memoirs of the Musical Drama* (published in 1838), has the following with reference to *Comus* and its composer:—

"In 1738, Arne established his reputation as a dramatic composer by his music to Milton's *Comus*. This piece, as then revived, was considerably altered, and rendered more fit for representation, by Mr. John Dalton, a gentleman of some literary reputation, who died in 1763, prebendary of Worcester and rector of St. Mary-at-Hill. He extended a good deal the musical portion of the piece, not only by the insertion of songs selected from Milton's other works, but by the addition of several of his own, which were very happily suited to the manner of the original author. The parts of *Comus* and of the second attendant spirit were performed by Beard; Euphrosyne by Mrs. Clive; and the *Lady* and pastoral Nymph by Mrs. Arne (wife of the composer).

"The piece had a great run, and has since been revived at different periods with success. Further alterations were made in it by Colman, in 1772. The dialogue was greatly mutilated, because it was found that moral lessons, and descriptive passages, however beautiful and poetical in themselves, are cold and tedious on the stage. During the run of *Comus*, after its revival in 1738, Mr. Dalton sought out Milton's grand-daughter, Elizabeth Foster, who was then living in extreme old age and poverty. By his benevolent exertions, her illustrious ancestor's drama was performed for her benefit at Drury Lane, on the 5th April, 1750, by which she obtained above one hundred and thirty pounds. Garrick spoke a prologue written for the occasion by Johnson.

"In *Comus*, Arne introduced a style of melody which may be said to be peculiarly his own: being neither that of the older English masters, nor of the Italian composers of the day. It is graceful, flowing, and elegant; depending for its effect neither on the resources of harmony and uncommon modulation,

nor on the feats of vocal execution. It is, at the same time, very expressive, and finely adapted, not only to the spirit, but to the accentuation and prosody of the poetry. The music, too, is highly dramatic. The careless jollity of *Comus*, the elegant voluptuousness of Euphrosyne, and the graceful simplicity and tenderness of the pastoral Nymph, are finely expressed in the airs of these different personages; as, for example, in "Now Phœbus sinketh in the west," "By dimpled brook," and "How gentle was my Damon's air." And from the descriptions which we have of Beard, Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Arne, they must have been admirable representatives of the characters.

But *Comus*, though a beautiful dramatic poem, is more suited to the closet than the stage: and the charming music of the piece, though it can no longer be heard in the theatre, ought still to give delight in the chamber or the concert-room."

Bach and Handel.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, and GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL—the two most illustrious musicians of the age, and who, in their own particular walks, have never been equalled, much less excelled—though contemporaries, were personally strangers. These great men were simultaneously producing masterpieces destined for ever after to exercise a most important influence upon the art: and yet so independent were they of each other, that it may be safely said, had Bach not existed, Handel would have been precisely what he was; and had Handel not lived, Bach would have been nothing less than his incomparable self. We believe that in the history of art no parallel instance can be named, of two great and original geniuses working wholly apart, and reaching the pinnacle of fame, without any reciprocal advantages, and without anything in common but their unsurpassable excellence. Raphael and Michael Angelo were not merely contemporaries, but friends; Haydn and Mozart were mutually debtors, in so far as their art was concerned; but Bach and Handel were like self-luminous suns, each lighting up a sphere of its own, while all but invisible to its rival. What they have done for music it would be superfluous to insist on now. They found a chaos, out of which they created a symmetrical and beautiful world. Bach was the fountain head of harmony, Handel of melody. To attempt any comparison between them, however, would be irreverent. Each had a mission of the highest import, and each fulfilled it to admiration. It matters little that some regard Handel as the most fertile inventor, Bach as the profoundest thinker; Handel as the poet, Bach as the mathematician and philosopher; enough that both were essential to the future destiny of music, and that both put to the noblest uses the gifts they had received from above. That Bach will always remain the chief idol of musicians, while Handel will continue to produce the most vivid impression on the many, is perhaps as true as the earth will forever revolve round the sun, and the moon round the earth. Impartial judges, however, will draw no distinction between them on that account, but admit their equal claims to the world's esteem, and, at the very most, premise that the office of one was more particularly to teach, that of the other to enchant; each being at the same time, both teacher and enchanter.

Bach and Handel never met. And yet they were born within what may fairly be described as "a stone's throw" of each other, and what is more, in the very same year, and all but in the same month. Bach first saw the light at Eisenach, in Upper Saxony, on the 21st of March, 1685; Handel at Halle,* in Lower Saxony, on the 23rd of February, 1685.—Nor was there a very long interval between the periods of their respective deaths; Bach quitting this world (at Leipsic) on the 30th of July, 1750, aged sixty-five; Handel on the 13th of April, 1759 (in London, at the house which is now 57, (Brook-street), aged seventy-four.† So that Handel outlived his renowned contemporary nine years, although Bach wrote even more music than Handel—which is the rather to be wondered at, inasmuch as Handel was one of the most rapid and voluminous producers ever heard of. Both died blind, a result no doubt induced in a very great measure by their almost superhuman labors, mental and physical.

Thus the two "Saxon giants" were inspired contemporaneously, at different portions of the Temple of Art. Between them they raised the structure in which so many true high priests have since worshipped, and some with a no less holy zeal than the founders.

What a fund of interesting speculation attaches to the fact, that the *Passion of St. Matthew* and the mass in B minor, the *Well-tempered Clavichord* and the *Art of Fugue*, should have existed, and Handel not knew them; and that, on the other hand, *The Messiah*,

Israel in Egypt, *Acis and Galatea*, and the *Suite de Pièces*, should have been bequeathed to the world, and Bach remain comparatively, if not wholly ignorant of them. That the two great musicians continued strangers to the last, however, was the fault of Handel entirely, and is one of the very rare charges that might (with deference) be preferred against the immortal composer of *The Messiah*, as in some degree too much a man of the world. Handel, from his early youth, until he settled in England (in 1714), and even afterwards, was an inveterate traveller; he sought for money no less than for fame. With Bach the case was different. Unlike Handel, who never married, and gave no "hostages to fortune," in the shape of children, Bach, who was twice wedded, had seven by his first wife, and thirteen by his second, eleven sons and nine daughters. These he had to maintain and educate out of the income he received as Director of Music and Cantor of St. Thomas's school at Leipzig. The post was sufficiently lucrative; but Bach had no further resources and sought none. "He was," says his biographer, "too much occupied with his business and his art to think of pursuing those ways, which, perhaps, for a man like him, especially in the time at which he lived, would have led to riches. If he had thought fit to travel, he would have drawn upon himself the admiration of the whole world; but he loved a quiet domestic life, constant and uninterrupted occupation with his art, and was, like his ancestors, content with a moderate competency."

That Bach's desire to make the acquaintance of Handel, with some of whose published works he had become familiar, was sincere, may be elicited from the following interesting extract out of Forkel's biography:—

"Bach had a very great esteem for Handel, and often wished to be personally acquainted with him. As Handel was also a great performer on the clavi-chord and the organ, many lovers of music, at Leipzig and in its neighborhood, wished to hear those two renowned men together; but Handel could never find leisure for such a meeting. He came three times from London to Halle, his native town. On his first visit, about the year 1717, Bach was at Coethen, only four miles from Halle; on being informed of Handel's arrival, he immediately set out to pay him a visit; but Handel left Halle the very day Bach reached it. On Handel's second visit (between 1730 and 1740), Bach was at Leipzig, but ill. No sooner, however, informed of Handel's arrival, than he sent his eldest son, William Friedemann, with a very polite invitation to Leipzig; but Handel regretted that he could not come." On Handel's third visit, in 1752, or 1753, Bach was dead. Thus Bach's wish to be personally acquainted with Handel was not fulfilled, any more than that of many lovers of music who would have been glad to see and hear him and Handel together."

It has been surmised that the composer of the *Messiah* was a little jealous of Bach's reputation; though it is difficult to account for Handel's indifference to the advances of so illustrious a compatriot and fellow-musician, such an idea had better be rejected altogether. Whatever the two may have been as mortal men, as immortal geniuses their wreaths are twined together in a partnership of glory that is indissoluble; for from this point of view should their remembrance be forever contemplated. Bach was Bach, and Handel Handel; but either was worthy to be the other, and might have been, had circumstances placed them under opposite conditions. It should especially be borne in mind that Handel lived and struggled amid the strife and passions of the great world; while Bach made a world for himself, in which, like a true patriarch, he passed an existence of almost undisturbed serenity. And this should atone for what was wanting in the one, while it accounts, in a great measure, for the unselfish single-heartedness of the other.

* Forkel, in his *Life of Bach*, relates the following:—"Handel's master Zechan, organist at Halle, died in the year 1717; and J. S. Bach, whose reputation was now already high (he was in his 32nd year), was invited to succeed him. Bach in short, went to Halle to prove his qualifications, by performing a piece, as a specimen of his skill. For what reason is not known, however, he did not enter upon the office, but left it to an able scholar of Zechan's, of the name of Kirchoff."

† Between these two eventful dates—as if the goddess of music had been loth to suffer her darling art to remain without a worthy representative—was born (on the 27th of January, 1759) that other grand musician, Wolfgang Amadée Mozart. Fourteen years later came Beethoven—whom many place before them all.

‡ This must have been either in 1738, when Handel went abroad to engage singers for his Royal Italian Opera, (and preferred Carestini to Farinelli?) or in 1738, when he repaired to the baths at Aix-la-Chapelle for the benefit of his health.

Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, conductor of music at the Boston Museum, has composed an *opera buffa*, to a Spanish subject, which will soon be brought out at that popular establishment.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JANUARY 25, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of CHOPIN'S "MAZURKAS."

Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The programme of the fourth chamber concert, on Wednesday evening, had some features of peculiar interest, although as a whole it was rather a singular one. Mendelssohn furnished the solid, as well as the largest, part; and yet we would gladly have had as much more of him as was originally intended, namely the Violin Concerto, instead of the Flute Concerto, by which it was supplanted. The opening Quintet gave us but a shadow of Beethoven, since it is properly not one of the Quintets. Hummel, on the other hand, who should be heard occasionally at least, was well represented both in selection and performers. But let us record the programme in due form:

1. Quintet in E flat. Beethoven
Allegro—Andante—From the Piano Trio, op. 1, arranged for Quintet by the author.
2. Piano Trio in E. op. 83. Hummel
Allegro—Andante—Rondo.
Messrs. Parker, Schultz and Fries.
3. Concerto for Flute. Furstenau
Robert Goering.
4. Variations for Piano and Violoncello, op. 17. Mendelssohn
Messrs. Parker and Fries.
5. Quartet in E flat, op. 44. Mendelssohn
Allegro—Scherzo—Adagio—Finale, Vivace

The novelties of the concert were the two pieces in which our townsman, Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, took principal part, and most acceptably, as pianist. The Trio, by Hummel, in all its three movements, is full of grace and elegance, abounding in happy turns, felicities of form and finish; yet wholly on the surface as compared with one like Beethoven or Mendelssohn, and coldly artificial as compared with Mozart; but elegant and lively, and putting one in good humor—at least when played with so much point and delicacy, so much nicety and ease of style, as it was by Mr. Parker. The theme of the Andante is so marked and characteristic, that one could imagine it to be some old national melody; otherwise we know nothing to the contrary of its being Hummel's own invention. The Variations by Mendelssohn were delicious, full of all sorts of power and fancy. The theme, simple and very winning, lent itself admirably to the purpose. There is real variety of character, of poetic conception in these variations; they are not mere mechanical changes wrought upon the chords and phrases, not the dead letter business which most variations—flute variations, for instance—are. Some are airy and tender; some are quaintly fantastic; some are full of wild strength and impetus, like that one in rapid octaves, which the pianist achieved so triumphantly; and one floats entirely upon one continuous ground note on the violoncello—a sort of *organ-point*—which is very beautiful. We need not say, the 'cello was played artist-like by Mr. FRIES.

A Flute Concerto never is a novelty; for though Furstenau may have composed as good things of the kind as anybody, and though Mr. ROBERT GOERING played them remarkably well, as he does everything, still all flute solos will sound tediously and frivolously alike, and seem to have as little right in a classical chamber concert, as a rope-dancer interlude between

two acts of Hamlet.—The two movements from Beethoven's early Trio (his *opus* 1), arranged as Quintet, were pleasing, especially for a beginning, and were smoothly played; but it seems hardly good economy to go back to those things when there are so many of his more important creations with which we are as yet most imperfectly acquainted.

The Quartet in Eb by Mendelssohn is one of his finest works—a work which grows more and more interesting the more it is heard. The Allegro, starting with a very vigorous and pregnant motive, bursting forth as it were out of a deep, brooding, pent up mood, develops with great breadth and energy; an impetuous, exciting movement, crowded with individual vitality in each of the four parts, yet clear, rich and satisfying. It would have sounded more so had the instruments been in better tune. This last remark applies with still more force to the Finale, which is so full of wild energy and difficulty, and through whose entanglement our hunters seemed to scratch and scramble as through thicket briars and brambles; yet it was bravely done, and a wonder they got through so well; it must take the most perfect of quartet players to make that Finale sound much differently. The two middle movements were much more fortunate in treatment. The Scherzo shifts the scene to mild, dreamy moonlight, swarming and throbbing with Mendelssohnian fairies; and to what a frenzy of excitement the little people work themselves up before it is done! This was delicately rendered; nor did the deep, rich sentiment of the Adagio fail to make its due impression; how beautiful the middle portion, where the melody is buoyed up upon an accompanying figure resembling that by which Handel suggests the wings of angels in the "Messiah!"

MISS MARY FAY, the pianist, gave her first Soirée, in Chickering's hall, last Saturday evening, with a good audience for a stormy night. She played alone, or as co-equal, or as accompanist, in each piece of the following programme:

1. Trio, (op. 1, Eb). Beethoven
Allegro, Adagio cantabile, Scherzo, quasi Allegro assai, Finale, Presto.
Miss Fay, Mr. F. Suck, Mr. Wulf Fries.
2. Pensées Fugitives, for piano and violin. 8. Hiller and Ernst
No. 1, Passé. No. 2, Sonvenir. No. 3, Romance.
Miss Fay and Mr. H. Suck.
3. Bolero. Ferd. Hiller
Miss Fay.
4. Concerto for the Violin. Mendelssohn
Mr. H. Suck.
5. Quartet, (G minor). Mozart
Allegro, Andante, Rondo, Allegro moderato.
Miss Fay, Mr. F. Suck, Mr. H. Suck, Mr. Wulf Fries.

That early Trio of Beethoven, which, though comparatively unimportant and a little tedious for a concert, is yet elegant and happy in its mood, was perhaps a wise and modest choice for so young an artist. It gave field enough for her clear, firm, brilliant execution. The Scherzo was particularly well played, and generally she excels in the parts which require brilliancy and dash; deeper artistic or poetic feeling is not the distinguishing characteristic of her playing. But taken as a whole it was a good performance, and her associates were all that could be desired. We scarcely hear a violin more chaste, artistic and expressive in this kind of music, than was that of the elder Suck. The Mozart Quartet we were obliged to lose.

Hiller's difficult and brilliant *Bolero* was well suited to the powers of Miss Fay, and she distinguished herself in it. Mr. H. Suck appeared

to much better advantage in those agreeable little fugitive pieces by Stephen Heller and Ernst, than in so ambitious an undertaking as the entire Violin Concerto of Mendelssohn, with only a piano accompaniment. The performance showed creditable skill and promise, but must be set down as lame, whereby a splendid composition was found heavy.

Concerts at Hand.

MR. J. K. PAINE'S ORGAN CONCERT will take place this evening, at the Tremont Temple, and we consider it an event of too much importance to pass unnoticed. We have often in past years spoken of Organ Concerts as a great desideratum in our stage of musical culture. We have become familiar with good things in the form of symphony, chamber music, Oratorio, Opera, &c. We have a general reverence for the Organ as the most sublime of instruments; and yet our opportunities of hearing and knowing what real organ music is, have been exceedingly few and far between. Our ordinary church services do not afford them; or if they do, in the shape of opening "voluntary" and "playing out," the opportunity is in the great majority of instances improved in such a manner, that the introduction of a hand-organ from the street would be a fair and cheap equivalent for the noble temple of sounds which we set up only to mimic its inferiors. In Oratorio, the organ fills in richly, but is seldom discerned individually amid the orchestral instruments. These "voluntaries," what are they often but the volunteering of the emptiest and idlest moods and fancies, the feeblest *potpourris* of operatic reminiscences, the merest parading of finger habits, chasing, loitering, loafing over the keys through senseless passages, humdrum cadences, odds and ends of all sorts, quite at random, in the feeble hope that something will "turn up," and as if, so long as the sound is kept up and discords avoided, there must be music in it—which by no means follows. The effect is to induce a listless, foolish, good for nothing, tired-out-with-nothing state of mind on the part of the congregation—a state as uninspired and frivolous as the player's own—at the very season when, and by the very means to which, we look for solemnizing, strengthening, tranquilizing influences.

Of course there are organists among us, who know better and do better than this; who do not give you *nothing*, improvised by themselves, when they can play *something* written by masters who had soul and science. We have several honorable exceptions, who play real organ music, fugues of Bach, or choruses from Handel, for their introductory and closing service. But these opportunities are few. We need concerts where the organ shall be chief, and where we may reap in larger measure the benefit of such lives, such inspiration, such sublime, religious Art as that of SEBASTIAN BACH, the greatest of all organists and writers for the organ. Such concerts could be made frequent with but little cost or risk. All our serious organists might take part in them, contributing in turn. Wonderfully fine organs are not so indispensable to the project, as fine compositions and good earnest interpreters. Much could be done now; more when we get our glorious great organ in the Music Hall; let that be sacred to the noblest uses, and be very active in them too!

For these reasons every lover of true organ music must welcome the chance afforded us by Mr. PAINE, who has been thoroughly initiated into the great works of Bach, as well as of the other organ masters, and who will play this evening some of his best things. The first part of his programme will be of Bach exclusively, and will include a *Prelude and Fugue in A minor: a Choral Variation*, for two manuals and double pedals; a *Trio Sonata in Eb*, and a *Toccata in F*. In the second part he will play a bril-

liant Concert piece by Thiele, a part of an Organ Sonata by Mendelssohn, and Concert Variations of his own upon the Austrian Hymn. Mrs. KEMPTON will assist by singing the *Ave Maria* of Franz, which is good for an organ accompaniment, and a Spring song by Esser.

Miss MARY FAY gives her second concert this evening.

Next Wednesday afternoon we shall once more be flocking to the Music Hall, to the first "Afternoon Concert" of the season, when the ORCHESTRAL UNION, with ZERRAHN for leader, will give us doubtless a good Symphony, with an agreeable variety of smaller pieces. The orchestra will number about thirty; and the concerts will continue every Wednesday.

For the second PHILHARMONIC CONCERT, which is fixed for next Saturday evening, Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra will give us the grand old C minor Symphony of Beethoven; Wagner's *Faust* overture, and Schindelmeyer's "Uriel Acosta" overture; Miss FAY will play a Capriccio by Mendelssohn; and Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG an original Concerto for the Violin.

Odds and Ends.

MR. CARL MAYER, a well-known pianist of this city, has hit upon a fortunate expedient for improving the quality of tone in square pianofortes. All piano-players know that what is generally termed the soft-pedal of the square pianoforte, is intended to serve the same purpose for this instrument which the *shifting-pedal* performs for the grand-piano. But the soft pedal is a very poor and inadequate contrivance; the little pieces of leather, attached to a moveable strip of wood, are thrust between the hammers and the strings, and entirely muffle the tones by preventing the vibration of the strings. The result is dull, meaningless sound, worse, if anything, than the strumming of an Ethiopian banjo. The improvement is simply this: The bits of leather used for the dampers are adjusted so that when the soft-pedal is pressed down, only half the face of the hammer is covered; and the tone, though softened, has still some resonance, since a *portion* of the face of the hammer strikes the string without any intervening substance. It will be observed that the change entails no extra expense, and the effect for piano passages is really beautiful.

Verdi's *Traviata*, according to the *Albion*, "has outlived the virulence of criticism, and in fact has recently been taken to the bosom of the Church in Brooklyn." This is not meant in irony, but sober praise; the same journal adds: "What opposition it has encountered has arisen from the incapacity of certain minds to receive, through music, a sufficient impression of the awful love (!) described by the composer; and in the absence of this, the touching simplicity (!) of most of the melodies and the *tremulous frenzy* (*sic*) of much of the concerted music seem trivial."

A correspondent of a musical paper in New York speaks of "Mozart's Dove Song," meaning the air "Dove sono" in the "Marriage of Figaro."—As a pendant to this we may quote the following intelligence from one of our city weeklies: "Carl Eckhardt, who formerly directed the music of the Boston Museum, is now director of the Royal Theatre, Stuttgart." Carl Eckert, formerly here with Mme. Sonntag, and a musician of much more note, is the man.

PHILADELPHIA.—The opera-goers were assembled in full force last Saturday evening, awaiting the rising of the curtain upon Rossini's "Barber"; but, by an accident upon the railroad, the singers, Miss Hinkley, Brignoli, &c., did not arrive. The disappointment was to be made up last evening by the "Barber" plus an act of *Favorita*.

Musical Correspondence.

MILWAUKEE, JAN. 17.—Since my last letter, our city has been visited by the "Hinkley Troupe," consisting of "Miss Hinkley," Sig. Brignoli, Sig. Susini, Sig. Mancusi, Herr Mollenhauer, and the leader, Carl Anschütz. Two concerts were given by them, during the Holidays, to crowded houses. The Prima Donna was very coolly received, notwithstanding the numerous newspaper "puffs" and notices copied from other journals. On the first evening she was suffering from a cold, while on her second appearance this affliction seemed to trouble her less. Nevertheless, the public were mostly disappointed. And, contrasting her with the quiet and unpretending Annie Milner, who visited this city a few years since, "Miss Hinkley" was a failure. Mollenhauer was the favorite of the public, on this occasion. He was enthusiastically encored, as, indeed, he deserved to be. His performance of "The Carnival of Venice," and Schubert's "Ave Maria," will not easily be forgotten. The other artists were well received; and I only regret, that they should have limited themselves to programmes containing almost nothing but compositions by Verdi and Donizetti.

The last monthly concert of our Musical Society was given on Friday evening last, to a comparatively empty house. (For this the management was undoubtedly to blame, in a measure, the programme being published in but one English paper.) The programme was as follows:

- PART I.
1. Overture from the opera "Fra Diavolo".....Anber
2. Remembrance. (four-part song).....Mendelssohn
3. Fantasia on Airs, from Verdi's Opera, "Lombardi," for Violin with orchestral accompaniment.....Vieuxtemps
4. Love and Home, song for Tenor, with orchestra accompaniment.....Tschirch
5. The Bard, Male chorus.

- PART II.
1. Concert Overture "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelssohn
2. Duet from the Opera "Joseph".....Mehul
3. Pastoral Symphony, first part.....Beethoven
4. Finale, from the opera "Ernani," for Solos, Chorus and Orchestra.

The different pieces of the programme, with a few exceptions, were very well rendered, particularly the Fantasia for the Violin. Mr. WEINBERG, the performer, was loudly applauded at the close.

TENOR.

Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG.—A correspondent says of the Quartet soirées given in the Gewandhaus (by Herren David, Röntgen, Hermann and Davidoff), that they are "the purest and most beautiful Art enjoyments which the place affords; especially since Herr Capellmeister Reinecke has appeared regularly in them as pianist." "Few piano players have made so genuine an artistic impression on us as Reinecke. With a perfect technique, he plays with a warmth that does one good, and never does too much or too little. With fine tact he knows how to subordinate himself or make himself prominent, according to the nature of the composition." In the first soirée Herr Dreyschock took the place of David as first violin; the pieces were: a Quartet in G, by Haydn, a Quintet of Beethoven, and the Eb piano Quartet of Mozart. The second Soirée, which formed "the brightest moment in the musical life of this winter," offered Cherubini's Eb Quartet, Variations for piano and cello, by Mendelssohn, Schumann's A major Quartet, and Schubert's B minor Rondo for piano and violin.

Riedel's singing society were to perform Beethoven's *Missa Solennis* on the fast day, Nov. 22.

COLOGNE.—The third Gesellschafts Concert took place on Tuesday, the 26th ult., under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller. The following was the programme. Part I.—1. Overture to *Hamlet*, by Niels W. Gade (first time); 2. Concerto (No. 2) for violoncello, by Goldtermann, executed by Herr A. Schmit, teacher at the Conservatory; 3. "Ave Maria," for female voices, with orchestral accompaniment, by Johannes Brahms (first time); 4. Symphony in G minor, by Mozart. Part II. "Die erste Walpurgisnacht," by Goethe, composed for soli, chorus and orchestra, by F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy. The two novelties achieved rather a *succès d'estime* than an enthusiastic triumph. Even leaving out of consideration the strange idea (with which, it is true, three or four other composers had previously been seized) of writing a musical prologue to such a tragedy as Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, seeing that the piece, as

a whole, affords absolutely no opportunity for musical expression. Gade's overture, considered merely in a musical light, is not an inspired work, but simply an ordinary, nicely written piece of music, without, however, the advantage of any originality in the instrumentation, a quality which renders his symphonies so taking. J. Brahms's "Ave Maria" voluntarily renounces all claim to the impression that a female chorus, purely sung, invariably produces on us, on account of its neglect of harmony in simplicity, which choruses for female voices absolutely demand. Shrill modulations, and sharply piercing notes, which go through one, produce a disagreeable effect, because they constitute a glaring contrast to the grace and mildness of the female character. The motives, too, or rather the motive, for there is only one, is deficient in the language of fervor and devotion requisite in a prayer. The mere announcement of the Symphony in G minor was hailed with delight by the lovers of real music, and their expectations were completely satisfied by a performance admirably delicate, and, in the proper place, full of passion. Mendelssohn's "Walpurgisnacht" was, as it always is, most warmly applauded. We feel bound to state, however, that we have but rarely heard this unique and genial work so well played as on this occasion.

London.

HERR PAUER'S PIANOFORTE PERFORMANCES.—The interest of these is well sustained. The first quarter of the fifth performance was devoted to French composers, Chambonnières, Couperin his pupil, and Rameau. The specimens by the two last-named writers were delightful, distinct in melody, pleasantly quaint in harmony, with those national touches of phrase and form which have never been laid aside from the days of "Hippolyte et Aricie" to those of the "Val d'Andorre." In particular, a *Gigue*, *Musette* and *Tambourin* were charming. The second "Period" included an excellent Sonata by Paradis, another by English Bach, the youngest of the illustrious family, and two movements by Wanhall. In the third period we shall confine ourselves to noticing the fine duet Sonata in E flat by Prof. Moscheles, in order to take the opportunity of mentioning a most promising young lady, Signora Rubini, who assisted Herr Pauer, and who appears to possess one of the best requisites of a great player, charm of touch, elasticity of finger, and feeling without extravagance.—*Athenæum*.

The *Era* states that "it is asserted from good authority that Her Majesty's Theatre will positively open next season. The new manager is M. Bagier, of the Theatre Oriental, Madrid, and an immensely rich agent de change. His first novelty will be to bring out his protégée, Mlle. Sarolta, who appeared for a few nights at Drury Lane Theatre in 1859, under Mr. E. T. Smith's management." From the *Gazette Musicale* we learn that M. Obin has been engaged by Mr. Gye to appear at the Royal Italian Opera in "Robert le Diable." But the French journal is, as too often happens, mistaken about English matters, when it speaks of the revival being the first performance of M. Meyerbeer's work in Italian here, "Robert" having been twice cast in that language at Covent Garden Theatre, both times without making any great impression.—*Ibid*.

There has been organ-playing this week of no common quality, Mr. Best having been retained to make a new organ speak, built by Mr. Walker, for a church in Dublin. Of performances like these it is not possible to offer any regular report. Once again it may be pointed out, how much it is to be regretted that in this London of ours—so rich in many things, so poor in more—there can be maintained no instrument of the first class in a locality more suitable than a factory, and more accessible than a church, which might, on certain days of the week, be exhibited by the best players as a settled attraction of London. This, it may be recollected, the "Apollonicon" was for many years. The "Panopticon" experiment failed, in these better musical days of ours, because it had not a fair trial. It is superfluous almost to add, that the organs in Exeter Hall and St. James's Hall do not, in the least, fulfil the required conditions.—*Athenæum*.

A performance was advertised in the *Morning Post* of Saturday last, as under—"CARDINAL WISEMAN. To-morrow (Sunday), his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman will assist pontifically at the High Mass, which will commence at 11 A.M., at St. Mary's Moorfields. The music will be Haydn's No. 16, with full orchestral accompaniment. After Mass, the "Te Deum" (Romberg's, with full band) will be sung in thanksgiving for his Eminence's restoration to health." To persons "beyond the pale," the performance, as above set forth, may seem to have an

air of self-celebration which is singular. On the same Sunday, which was one of Church Festival, Mendelssohn's "Ave Maria" was performed at Vespers in the church at Southwark.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The fifth winter concert was, in some respects, the most interesting of the series. The selection was excellent, and included two novelties of various degrees of merit, and Miss Arabella Goddard made her first appearance for the season. The novelties were Schubert's overture to *Romunde* and Reber's overture to *La Nuit de Noël*. The former is a highly effective and dramatic prelude, with great brightness in the ideas, and brilliantly instrumented. The latter is French in idea and treatment, but telling in the orchestra. Both overtures were well played. The symphony was Haydn's in G, one of the most melodious of the old master, and as fresh as if it were written in the present day. Mr. Manns evidently made his mind up to have it well executed, and he was not disappointed. Miss Arabella Goddard, who was received with an unusual demonstration of applause, performed Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, and Liszt's fantasia on *Rigoletto*.

The singers were Miss Maria Stanley and M. De la Haye, neither of whom had been previously heard at the Crystal Palace. The lady sang the cavatina "Com è bello" from *Lucresia Borgia*, and Mendelssohn's "On Song's bright pinions." She has an available mezzo-soprano voice, and indicates good training in her singing. The sharpness in her intonation may be laid down to the nervousness of a first appearance. M. De la Haye, too, has much merit. He has a tolerable tenor voice of the veiled kind, and is by no means a novice in his art. He wants, however, warmth, which was too plainly evidenced in "Adelaide;" a scene from Verdi's *Due Foscari* was his second effort.

There was a large attendance of subscribers and casual visitors, and the concert, thanks to the prohibition of encores, was over in reasonable time.—*Mus. World*.

DUBLIN.—From a highly interesting account of Mlle. Patti's performances in Italian opera in Dublin, which appeared in a recent number of the *Irish Times*, we extract the following:

"The series of operas came to a close with *Marta*, on Saturday evening. From the beginning the young prima donna has had a succession of triumphs. Nothing could be more brilliant than the talents she displayed, and the exhibition of the rich gifts bestowed on her by nature at so early a period. No great lyric artist to our knowledge has manifested so large a share of histrionic and vocal ability in mere girlhood. Only eighteen years old, yet singing with the highest culture, the most dazzling brilliancy and finish in every character, and acting with the tact and experience of one who had trod the boards for years; and possessing the fresh charm of girlhood, the grace of beauty, and the buoyancy of youth. Any one so fitted to enrapture the young, please the mature, and gratify the experienced in art we have never witnessed on the stage. She sings the music of Rossini, Mozart, Verdi, Donizetti, and Flotow, with equal truthfulness, and frequently adorns their writings with *fiorette* appropriate and dazzling, executed with an ease which astonishes. If she has a fault in her vocalism, it is redundancy of ornament, and too frequent a recurrence of bird-like *staccati* passages. The part of Lady Henrietta, in *Marta*, is particularly suited to Mlle. Patti. Her acting is tempered by good taste; and the tact she displays in the by-play is worthy of all observation. Then her singing is distinguished by a truthful adherence to the text, enriched by ornamentation in keeping with the various themes, and softened by an expression pure and natural. To speak of some of her flights of song is now superfluous, as all who have heard them must have been equally delighted and amazed. This latter unique portion of vocal art she exhibited in 'The Spinning Wheel' quartet. In the Italian version of the 'Last Rose of Summer' she evinced a purity of style never excelled by any of her predecessors, while she put them all in the shade by her rendering, to an encore, of Moore's words to the same melody. She then gave 'Home, sweet home,' and to another re-demand, 'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town.' The Scotch tune she sings with unspeakable archness, and an originality of tone and manner which cannot fail to charm. At the termination she was greeted with acclamations, and left the stage laden with bouquets. As she emerged from the stage door to her carriage, she was met by a cavalcade of the students of Trinity College—almost all Honormen—who took the horses from the vehicle and drew her to the hotel, amidst deafening cheers. And thus ended the climax to one of the most triumphant successes within our memories."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The vacant chair. Ballad. *Harley Newcomb*. 25

A pretty, simple ballad, the import of which—the sad bereavement of a family from the loss of a dear relative slain while fighting for his country—will make it dear to many a singer.

Home love. Ballad. *C. W. Glover*. 25

A very simple Song, the melody in the Tyrolean style. Teachers in want of something suitable for beginners will find it as useful as pleasing.

The golden stars. *A. Richardt*. 25

Mr. Richardt, who is now concertizing in the Provinces, together with Ole Bull and Formes, is eliciting the highest encomiums from the press there, for his ballads "Thou art so far," and "The golden stars." The latter is new. It is very similar in style to the other and will become quite as popular.

Instrumental Music.

The Band passes. Military movement.

Francesco Berger. 30

A piece in the style of a march, first heard faintly in the distance, then coming nearer, and more distinctly understood, then bursting out, as if quite near, with full power, and finally dying away gradually like the music of a band marching off. The thing is nicely done and will find many admirers. It has passed through many editions in England.

Before her portrait. Reverie. *Th. Oesten*. 35

Quite a charming Fantasia, difficult to play.

Maraquita. Transcription. *Brinley Richards*. 30

One of this author's elegant arrangements of favorite airs, which are just now meeting with general favor.

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Viva l'America! Quickstep, for 14 or fewer Instruments. *B. A. Burditt*. 1,00

This fine melody, which is now generally reckoned among our national airs, should be a stock-piece of every Brass Band in the country. It makes a superb Quickstep.

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THE NEW GERMANIA. A collection of the most favorite Operatic Airs, Marches, Polkas, Waltzes, Quadrilles, and Melodies of the day. Arranged in an easy and familiar style for four, five and six instruments. By

B. A. Burditt. 1,25

A very desirable collection of instrumental music; one that the musical community have long required, and one for which the thousands of small bands and amateur clubs throughout the country will be very thankful. The melodies are of that class which the great mass of the people, both as performers and listeners, at once adopt as their own and stamp as "favorites." They are very finely arranged, and, as the title indicates, in a style easy, familiar and acceptable to all. Mr. Burditt has been long and favorably known as the leader of one of the best Bands in this city, and as a composer and arranger of this class of music. His long experience has enabled him to determine correctly as to what he wanted in a collection of this kind, and how it was wanted; he has therefore acted understandingly in the preparation of this volume.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

